

"Have Any Remains Of Noah's Ark Ever Been Found?"

READ GENESIS 6:9-22, CHAPT. 7, MATT. 24:36-39, LUKE 17:26-30

According to Genesis 8:4, the Ark of Noah rested after the flood upon the Mountains of Ararat. Now I am going to give you something startling. Here it is: An article entitled, "Noah's Ark Found, says Viadimar Roskovitsky."

("The following story by Mr. Roskovitsky, a converted Russian, speaks for itself. He is now engaged in selling Bibles, etc., and is an American citizen, having severed all ties with Godless Bolshevism from which he so narrowly escaped with his life after discovering the Ark. He gives this discovery credit for opening his eyes to the truth of the Bible, and we pass it along trusting that you, too, will find it of interest and value.")

"It was in the days just before the Russian revolution that this story really began. A group of us Russian aviators were stationed at a lonely temporary air outpost about twenty-five miles northwest of Mount Ararat. The day was dry and terribly hot, as August days so often are in this semi-desert land.

"Even the lizards were flattened out under the shady sides of rocks or twigs, their mouths open and tongues lashing out as if each panting breath would be their last. Only occasionally would a tiny wisp of air rattle the parched vegetation and stir up a choking cloudlet of dust.

"Far up on the side of the mountain we could see a thunder shower, while still farther up we could see the white snow cap of Mount Ararat, which has snow all the year around because of its great height. How we longed for some of that snow!

"Then the miracle happened. The captain walked in and announced that plane number seven had its new supercharger installed and was ready for high altitude tests, and ordered my buddy and I to make the test. At last we could escape the heat!

"Needless to say, we wasted no time getting on our parachutes, strapping on our oxygen cans and doing all the half dozen other things that have to be done before 'going up'.

"Then a climb into the cockpits, safety belts fastened, a mechanic gives the prop a flip and yells, 'contact,' and in less time than it takes to tell it, we were in the air.

No use wasting time warming up the engine when the sun already had it nearly red hot.

"We circled the field several times until we hit the fourteen thousand foot mark and then stopped climbing for a few minutes to get used to the altitude.

"I looked over to the right at that beautiful snow-capped peak, now just a little above us, and for some reason I can't explain, turned and headed the plane straight toward it.

"My buddy turned around and looked at me with question marks in his eyes, but there was too much noise for him to ask questions. After all, twenty-five miles doesn't mean much at a hundred miles an hour.

"As I looked down at the great stone battlements surrounding the lower part of this mountain I remembered having heard that it had never been climbed since the year seven hundred before Christ, when some pilgrims were supposed to have gone up there to scrape tar off of an old ship wreck to make good luck emblems to wear around their necks to prevent their crops being destroyed by excessive rainfall. The legend said they had left in haste after a bolt of lightning struck near them and had never returned. Silly ancients. Who ever heard of looking for a ship wreck on a mountain top?

"A couple of circles around the snow-capped dome and then a long, swift glide down the side and then we suddenly came upon a perfect little gem of a lake; blue as an emerald, but still frozen over on the shady side. We circled around and returned for another look at it. Suddenly my companion whirled around and yelled something, and excitedly pointed down at the overflow end of the lake. I looked and nearly fainted!

"A submarine! No, it wasn't, for it had stubby masts, but the top was rounded over with only a flat catwalk about five feet across down the length of it. What a strange craft, built as though the designer had expected the waves to roll over the top most of the time, and had engineered it to wallow in the sea like a log, with those stubby masts carrying only enough sail to keep it facing the waves. (Years later in the Great Lakes I saw the famous 'whaleback' ore carriers with this same kind of rounded deck.)

We flew down as close as safety permitted and took several circles around it. We were surprised when we got close to it at the immense size of the thing, for it was as long as a city block and would compare very favorably in size to the modern battleships of today. It was grounded on the shore of the lake with about one-fourth of the rear end still running out into the water, and its extreme rear was three-fourths under water. It had been partly dismantled

on one side near the front, and on the other side there was a great door nearly twenty feet square, but with the door gone. This seemed quite out of proportion, as even today ships seldom have doors even half that large.

"After seeing all we could from the air, we broke all speed records back down to the airport.

"When we related our find, the laughter was loud and long. Some accused us of getting drunk on too much oxygen, and there were many other remarks too numerous to relate.

"The captain, however, was serious. He asked several questions and ended by saying, "Take me up there, I want a look at it."

"We made the trip without incident and returned to the airport.

"What do you make of it?" I asked, as we climbed out of the plane.

"Astounding," he replied. "Do you know what ship that is?"

"Of course not, sir."

"Ever hear of Noah's Ark?"

"Yes, sir. But I don't understand what the legend of Noah's Ark has to do with us finding this strange thing fourteen thousand feet up on a mountain top."

"This strange craft," explained the captain, "is Noah's Ark. It has been sitting up there for nearly five thousand years. Being frozen up for nine or ten months of the year it couldn't rot, and has been on cold storage, as it were, all this time. You have made the most amazing discovery of the age."

"When the captain sent his report to the Russian government, it aroused considerable interest, and the Czar sent two special companies of soldiers to climb the mountain. One group of fifty men attacked one side and the other group of one hundred men attacked the mountain from the other side.

"Two weeks of hard work were required to chop out a trail along the cliffs of the lower part of the mountain, and it was nearly a month before the ark was reached.

"Complete measurements were taken and plans drawn of it as well as many photographs, all of which were sent to the Czar of Russia.

"The ark was found to contain hundreds of small rooms and some rooms very large with high ceilings. The large rooms usually had a fence of great timbers across them,

some of which were two feet thick, as though designed to hold beasts ten times as large as elephants. Other rooms were lined with tiers of cages somewhat like one sees today at a poultry show, only instead of chicken wire they had rows of tiny wrought iron bars along the fronts.

"Everything was heavily painted with a wax-like paint resembling shellac, and the workmanship of the craft showed all the signs of a high type of civilization.

"The wood used throughout was oleander, which belongs to the cypress family, and never rots, which, of course, coupled with the facts of it being painted and it being frozen most of the time accounted for its perfect preservation.

"The expedition found on the peak of the mountain above the ship, the burned remains of the timbers which were missing out of the one side of the ship. It seems that these timbers had been hauled up to the top of the peak and used to build a tiny one-room shrine, inside of which was a rough stone hearth like the altars the Hebrews used for sacrifices, and it had either caught fire from the altar or had been struck by lightning as the timbers were considerably burned and charred over and the roof was completely burned off.

"A few days after this expedition sent its report to the Czar, the government was overthrown and Godless Bolshevism took over, so that the records were never made public and probably were destroyed in the zeal of the Bolsheviks to discredit all religion and belief in the truth of the Bible.

"We White Russians of the air fleet escaped through Armenia, and four of us came to America, where we could be free to live according to the 'Good Old Book,' which we had seen for ourselves to be absolutely true, even to as fantastic sounding a thing as a world flood." (This article, "Noah's Ark Found," by Viadimar Roskovitsky, is taken from "The New Eden," special edition, pp. 3-7. The article as reproduced here starts on page 6, of this manuscript.)

All kinds of wonderful discoveries are being made today which confirm our faith in the Bible Records. Christ is coming again. Are you ready to meet Him? Give your heart to Him tonight!

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